

Le Penseur

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Blind agony of thought! Who turns his pen
Or brush or lyre to Art, shall see in this
The symbol of his battle against men
For men, the picture of the torturing bliss
Of his necessity; sits clutched and closed
Into himself the adept of wizard thought.
Gripped in his own embrace he sits; keen-nosed
The invisible bloodhounds ache upon the slot!
Soon, soon they are on him; soon the fangs of hate,
The sharp teeth of the infinite are in him!
Shall love, or fame, or gold, those pangs abate?
What siren with smooth voice and breast shall win him?
Never a one, be sure! In serene awe
The thinker formulates eternal law.